

# mOthertongue

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## Marea Baja / Low Tide

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Marea Baja  
Clara Ronderos

Esta mañana ruge el mar con furia sosegada  
y viste la arena un ceñido traje  
de torero en fiestas.  
Música de acordeón  
se baña en el vaiven salado  
de la brisa  
y soy feliz.  
En medio del desorden, llena de sal y luz,  
de aquello que no soy  
y es todo cuando se funde a mí,  
esta mañana sonrío  
sacudida  
por el ir y venir del mar.  
Vela hinchada  
en medio de la quietud  
enorme  
desde donde se mira  
la redondez total del horizonte.

Low Tide  
Clara Ronderos

This morning the sea roars with silent fury  
and the sand wears a tight festive  
bullfighter's dress.  
The music of accordians  
bathes in the salty swaying  
of the breeze  
and I am happy.  
Lost in disorder, covered by salt and light,  
by that who is not me  
and is everything when it blends with me  
this morning I smile  
shaken  
by sea wave,  
swollen sail  
amid the immence  
quietness  
from which  
the total roundness of the horizon  
can be seen.